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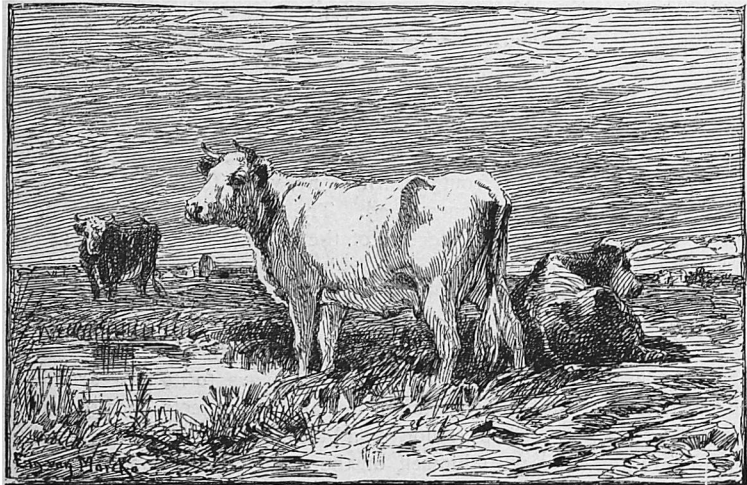
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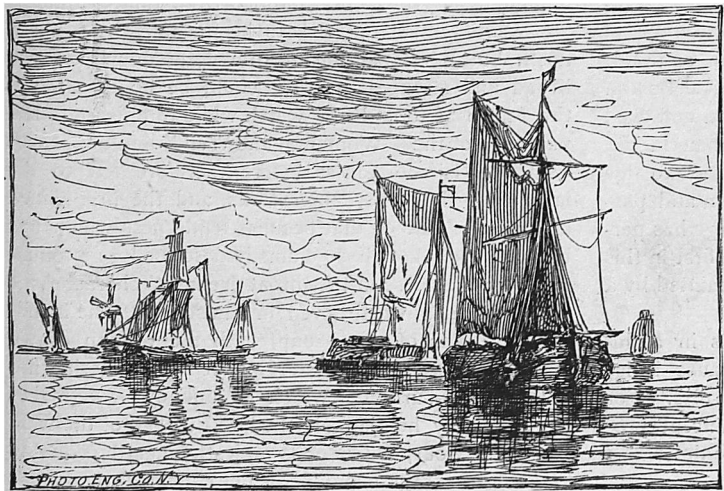
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Kerran in Finistère, by Picknell, was very frank, bold, and real, but without that charm—proceeding from the painter's having been touched by the scene and having received a definite impression of it—which alone makes a landscape impression worth the having. Mr. Wyatt Eaton, whose harvesting group of a former exhibition opened all eyes to his talent and poetic susceptibility,



"CATTLE IN A MEADOW." BY VAN MARCKE. BOUGHT BY THERON R. BUTLER. PRICE, \$1800.

sent a portrait of "Miss Ella M. M." which interested you at once in the sitter's character, and in its mystical veiled interpretation kept you at a certain distance from a reserved and haughty intelligence you longed to approach more adequately. Mr. Alden Weir contributed two pictures in that generalized and sublimated style which he first showed us in a striking child's head two years ago. This method reminds you of the smoothed flesh of Hamon, though more meaning is put into it; or of the faded complexions and malarial tenuity of Hébert, yet with less of hectic intensity. In Mr. Weir's "Bird-burial" and "Portrait" (the latter near the "Jim Bludso" in the West room) we had an extreme generalization, undertaken not in contempt of fact, but in a resolute desire to remove the subject into ideal spheres of air. We cannot go very near these soft-skinned, dreamy-eyed children to see whether they have cow-licks or chapped lips, or have wiped their noses. The trivial accidents are wiped away in the broad, commanding, idealizing polish which, like the polish of an Egyptian statue, seems not so much like ignorance of anatomical facts as reticence of them. We are here at the extreme of French idealization; and there is not space in this article to explain how even pictures thus reduced to a superficies, in the French method, are still based upon realism and the facts of dissection—their surface-breadth being arrived at from within, and not removed and admired for its own sake. One of the last-named artist's portraits in the exhibition showed a slender girl buttoning up her hand in a glove; and this is a type. When an artist of French education interests himself in the kid surface there must be a hand buttoned up in it. The Munich artist is perfectly satisfied with the glove blown out, and is not troubled about any difference.



"OFF THE COAST OF HOLLAND." BY CLAYS. BOUGHT BY MALCOLM GRAHAM. PRICE, \$650.

The Dutch school is one of the most genuine, pure, sensitive schools of the day, and the furthest removed from charlatanism. We have not many pupils of this

school to put through their paces; but Mr. Robert C. Minor showed the fruits of his education in Holland in a "Sunset" full of palpitating air and etherealized color, and in a landscape illustrating Swinburne's line,

"By the meadows of memory, the highlands of hope and the shore that is hidden."

The latter had the more difficult motive, many distances, values, and color-vigors being brought together in small space, not without harmony.

The English school is almost without followers in this country. Two of its broadly-marked tendencies were, however, illustrated by two capable interpreters. Mr. Martin showed a pair of scenes, one of "Sand-dunes," one of a sunset "Landscape." Here were the refining tendencies of the British spiritualists, the skies furnished with intricate schemes of cloud and shaded colors as hard to seize as those of a pearl-shell; the trees and foreground treated with contempt and generalization. On the other hand Mr. Magrath, in a scene of an emigrant's return, called "On the Old Sod," showed the sturdy realism that has come down from Morland and Wilkie. The hard-handed emigrant, plodding with sober joy over the hill where the familiar geese and pigs set themselves to watch him, was painted with virile energy, with real feeling without mawkishness.

EDWARD STRAHAN.



"LANDSCAPE." BY COROT. BOUGHT BY J. C. RUNKLE. PRICE, \$1375.

Private Galleries.*

COLLECTION OF THE ESTATE OF ALEXANDER TURNER STEWART.

II.—THE MEISSONNIERS.

KNIGHTHOOD was defined both by the Romans and modern Europeans in terms borrowed from horsemanship. It is singular that Mr. Stewart, who hardly struck his fellow-citizens as being like a Roman "eques" or a modern "chevalier," should have had the ambition to possess the two most remarkable horse pictures produced in the nineteenth century—pictures that will assuredly be celebrated by posterity as the horses of the Parthenon are, with a representative position as standards in the equestrian art of a given era. Singular, but true. Mr. Stewart, whose ideal was the showy driving-horse of the gig-man, chose to put forth his hand and seize the "Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur, and the "1807" of Meissonnier, the great criterion horse-pictures of our time.

The "1807" arrived in New York about the first of

March, 1876, after having been shown in the Vienna Exposition as an imperfect picture, with chalk-marks and other such scaffolding across its face. The price paid was generally stated at sixty thousand dollars, but eighty thousand is that told to visitors now by the ma-



"LANDSCAPE AND SHEEP." BY JACQUE. BOUGHT BY JOHN DE BROT. PRICE, \$1650.

jor-domo. Sir Richard Wallace was the intending purchaser, and on his declination it was sold to Mr. Stewart by telegraph. The canvas is eight feet across by four and a half feet high, and the larger human figures in front measure eighteen inches in height. The subject was at first known as "Friedland;" but for this, as it is no battle-picture, the date of Friedland, or culmination of Napoleon's fortunes, was substituted. Dictator of Europe, owner of France, Napoleon is represented as reviewing the troops that have won his supremacy. The topic of the scene is merely a ceremonial review; but the story of many a battle is indicated in the wild enthusiasm of the soldiers as they pass their leader. In fact, it is the factitious strength of devotion, and not the real energy of muscle and sinew, which casts these soldiers into their frenzied postures. They get their strength from the leader's eye, which commands them, distant, grave, and tranquil. At the moment depicted these troops are, as a writer points out in "L'Art," at the last extremity of physical endurance. But for the animating force of loyalty and worship they would be exhausted with fatigue. The campaign against the Russians has gone on during ten days without repose or truce. In the environs of Friedland the battle has lasted nine hours. The French have taken seven flags, a hundred and twenty cannon, and killed or wounded or imprisoned sixty thousand of the enemy. Alexander of Russia has been forced to ask for peace. Thus exhausted and victorious, the army files before Napoleon.

The emperor, placed on a hillock, is surrounded by his état-major and by his Marshals, Bessières, Duroc, and Berthier. At his left and behind, Nansouty waits



"BLINDMAN'S BUFF." BY DIAZ. BOUGHT BY W. H. VANDERBILT. PRICE, \$4900.

with his division for the moment to wheel into line. Further on appears the Old Guard with its bearskin caps and white breeches. Napoleon, on a white horse,

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is making a salutation; in fact, there just arrives, like the cataract of some mighty river, the Twelfth Regiment of cuirassiers, galloping as in a charge. The earth trembles, and from hundreds of grizzled moustaches arises the cry, "Long live the Emperor!" At the head of his regiment, the colonel of the Thirteenth is passing the leader, and is in the act of uttering his shout of loyalty; standing in his stirrups, his body pressed against the pommel of his saddle, he rises to full height so as to give more effect to his salutation. It is impossible to express more truth in a movement or more expression in an attitude. Further off, at the corner of the picture, a "clairon" or bugler, with yellow uniform frogged with brandebourgs, dashes forward so as to get into the first rank. Placed at Napoleon's right hand, in the foreground, are the four guides composing the avant guard of the imperial escort. They keep in the most rigorous military attitude, their sabres in their fists upon the thigh, the blades pointing to their shoulders, their energetic faces divided in two by their level moustaches, their heads plunged into broad bearskins, their sinewy figures dressed in yellow breeches and red dolmans. The foreground is devoted to the cuirassiers, who succeed each other as in a frieze, the light catching on their armor, the dust lying like velvet on their boots, and their galloping horses thrashing the soft spring wheat of the fields near Friedland.

Meissonier labored fifteen years at this picture. Each personage, though never so insignificant, was made the subject of a separate painting, finished with care, and in no sense a sketch; there are movements of an arm which have only been arrived at after a series of designs which are each admirable morsels of painting. The costumes and trappings were made by tailors, boot-makers, and saddlers. Meissonier modelled with his own hands small horses in wax, which were afterwards completely harnessed, so as to produce the optical effect desired. We can but admire this "fussiness" when we find that it enhances, rather than spoils, an art-scene which still keeps superior to all dilettantism.

In order to study the galloping horse in full motion, Meissonier used to travel in a railway laid down for his usage, and while his model would gallop at his side, make paintings and drawings after nature of the action of the motor muscles and the alternation of the hoofs.

Most people have seen photographs of the companion picture, "1814," but few would guess what trouble, and even suffering, it cost the painter. On a severe winter's day, when the cold was bitter and his park at Poissy was covered with snow, he passed the day on the turret of his mansion, painting from the freezing scene before him, until his benumbed fingers could hardly wield the brush. That landscape became the inimitable snow-scene of his "1814." For the costume of his retreating Napoleon, the artist caused to be made a copy of the little gray surtout preserved in the Louvre, and a fac-simile of the plain chapeau. These imitations received from the tailor and hatter, he placed them on a model—occasionally, it is said, on his own petite and Napoleonic figure, and after many days' labor copied them illuvisly into the picture. At this point he met one of the "old moustaches" of the Emperor, and showed him his work. The ancient comrade found nothing to admire, everything to criticise. "His Majesty," said he, "when on a campaign wore the tunic of a chasseur oftener than that of a grenadier. Besides, he never consented to unhook his epaulettes. You can see the blisters in the sleeves of his overcoat; they were made very wide on that account." Meissonier, who had represented Napoleon in grenadiers' costume with epaulettes falling down on the breast, rubbed out all this work and began again.

It is rightly felt that America has secured an artistic triumph in the possession of this great canvas of "1807," which it is not likely its author will ever equal now. Its merit, however, is rather in a general accumulation of triumphs and vanquished difficulties than in simplicity, felicity, and ease. In fact, Meissonier is never so happy in open-air, landscape situations as in the interior effects of his earlier period. His determination to succeed in open sunlit scenes seems to have been forced on him by emulation with Fortuny, whom in luminous quality he never equals.

The other Meissoniers in the Stewart collection are on his more familiar cabinet scale. One is called "A Reminiscence of the Franco-Prussian War." Two orderlies, with tall cylindrical caps such as we see on "Nepomuc" in the burlesque of the "Grand Duchesse," each leading a horse beside his own, interview a sentinel at the door of a barrack. In the blaze of hot sun-

shine, the buttocks of the iron-gray horse led by the orderly who engages the sentinel in talk are positively real, muscular, and solid, to an extent of perfection scarcely realized by any of the horses of the "1807." The projecting lintel over the door casts its own triangular masses of shadow, which though transparent seem chopped out, thick, and real; and on the whole Meissonier succeeds better in this picture with the realistic effect of intense daylight than in any thing else he has done. The laurels of the Roman-Spanish painters are what in reality cast these sharp, real, and true shadows into the manipulation of Meissonier; except for their emulation he would have remained content with the degree of tempered and conventional sunshine seen in his "Solferino" of the Luxembourg collection. Another of the Stewart Meissoniers is remarkable as showing one of his very few female studies. A beggar-woman, carrying a baby, asks alms of a gentleman on horseback, who wears the half-moon chapeau of the Directoire, and reins in his steed to confer the gratuity with that air of perfect horsemanship which this painter best knows how to give. The scene takes place in a public garden, with small regular trees like those of an orchard, and the soft flash of summer sunlight is frankly and brilliantly conveyed. The remaining picture by this famous and dreadfully expensive artist is the portrait of himself, a miniature in water-color, showing his fine gray Spanish-looking head in three-quarters view. It was a present sent along with the "1807"—a gift as between equals from the paint-monarch to the money-king—a bit of paper signed in the artist's manner, in exchange for the sixty-thousand-dollar check.

CICERONE.

TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

BOSTON, May 25, 1879.

If you have anything like the satisfying means of keeping Sunday truly holy that I have enjoyed here to-day, you must have added to New York's generous cosmopolitanism since I was a New Yorker half a dozen years ago. I well remember the mental oburgations I have cast at the tight little Venetian palace at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, walking around it on Sundays when there was an exhibition edifyingly locked up inside of it, securely preventing young amateurs like myself from seeing it at all when they could study it with proper leisure for method and learning. Even Boston, proudly and uncompromisingly Puritan as she is, has bounded ahead of you in this matter. The Art Museum of Boston is opened on Sundays at 1 o'clock, and its sound ministrations are dispensed to all without money and without price. But the hours of seeking and praise to be "put in" there are not the only purely artistic gratification to be obtained on this day here. Trinity Church, painted by John La Farge, stands right across the way, and the art-loving person who could not spend an hour, nay two, amid its rich and varied beauty, must be insensible to color. If one cares nothing—but it is almost impossible to conceive of either savant or dilettant so insensate to such genuine piety—for the vivifying, deliciously literary, and altogether eloquent exegetics of Rev. Philipps Brooks, or his pleading and persuasive yet manly and sincere homiletics, and with their singularly searching and intimate personal appeal to every sort and condition of mind, and particularly the self-complacent, sceptical Boston manner of mind; if one can be inattentive and unmoved with so robust an intellect and manly a man in the pulpit, one must find himself enthralled as to his artistic sensibilities in the mystic symbolism and passionate religious ardors with which La Farge has performed his task of painting the church—the first in this country, if not in the modern world, to be painted by a painter.

The church is a peculiar one. Purists in architecture are fairly irritated against it because it ignores several most respectable traditional rules. For example, the nave is so short and the transept proportionally so long that it troubles them to determine which is nave and which transept. Then the great four-turreted tower, which is the main architectural feature of the massive pile, is so large as well as lofty that it is hard to say whether the tower is a part of the church or the church an incident of the tower. In total effect, the church is like a strong castle of mediæval France. Its prototype exists somewhere in Southern France, at Auvergne, I believe, in an eleventh century

relic. The secret of the adoption of this strange form from "outré mer" for the resurgence of Trinity Church after the great fire was that the building lot was not over-large and was surrounded by fine streets on all sides. The architects, thus circumscribed, had therefore to get grandeur of effect, if at all, by building up into the air rather than over a large surface, and there could be no rear or side that would not be seen as completely as the front. With these conditions the form of the square and massive tower was at once an ingenious and a dignified solution of the problem. While it might be complained that there is, for a church, a strangely warlike or fortress-like look about the edifice, the imposing effect of the uplifting so high of the great mass of the square tower of rough-hewn stone, with its castellated forms, cannot be questioned. The tower dominating throughout the architecture of the church, inside as well as exteriorly, Mr. La Farge has made it the centre and keystone of his decoration by lavishing upon it his most magnificent color and most ambitious religious conceptions. The heights of the lantern—for the tower is open to the gaze from the pews to its top—are filled with biblical and ecclesiastical subjects, most of them of ancient authority and design, but some of them original with himself or the young artists whom he called around him and imbued with the high artistic spirit and example of his undertaking. The ground is red, of a higher tint than the red of the main walls of the church. Below these emblems and the broad glowing crosses, painted to look as if heavily encrusted with gems of every hue, comes a wide band of gold with the words of the "Gloria" in tall Roman letters. Beneath this grand inscription again extend downwards colossal figures of the prophets David, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Peter and Paul, upon the archaic drawing and finish of which—or disdain of finish rather—one hears, of course, much petty and misunderstanding criticism. But the decoration of the main body of the church is rich beyond compare.

The vaulted ceiling is panelled with a dark-green ground, and in the small compartments are painted richly strange and arbitrary designs, some of them floral, some merely bits of arabesque, and some suggesting the characters of the Hebrew alphabet—which are, the artists whisper, in certain cases their own fancies, and in others copies of sections of a worn-out hair-comb with its irregularly broken teeth. But the total effect is rich, harmonious, sumptuous, and restful. This is the ceiling over the main body of the pews. The ceiling the other side of the transept seems to be almost wholly of gold—at least that is the effect of the gold in the penetrations of the round-arch windows and upon the ceiling above the broad and deep semicircle of the chancel. The round Roman arch pervades the whole edifice. The pictures by La Farge, which were all that the church people first expected of him, are too important works to be left to the end of a paragraph. But this is after the artist's own examples. With rare forgetfulness of self-interest, Mr. La Farge persuaded his employers to let him undertake a general scheme for the adequate decoration of such a church—long a fond dream of his ambition—of which the pictures they desired of him should be but a part. Accordingly he laid out and largely executed, but with insufficient means, assistance, and time, his superb conception of an artistically painted church interior. Slow and natural development and growth, by addition from time to time, is an essential of such a work to keep it rich and equal to itself, but the artist meant to lay the foundation so broad and strong that there could be no question in the future as to its being worth while to finish it. His paintings of the "Woman at the Well" and of "Nicodemus's Visit to Christ" were therefore left to the last. But they are noble works, and the first named especially is full of that peculiar tenderness which has been so well though so clumsily described as producing a "bunchiness-in-the-throat feeling," characteristic of La Farge's worth, even in landscape. The ineffable sweetness of this group, with the woman drawn leaning towards the Master by an overmastering impulse of self-surrender which an unknown awe makes her check by holding abashed to the wall of the well, and the Saviour, as tender as majestic, must be equal to anything La Farge has done. The color of the woman's robe, an indefinable cross between "peach-color" and "ashes of roses," is in itself a true poetic and passionate inspiration in artistic selection. These pictures, like all the rest, are painted directly upon the rough plaster of the walls in pigments mixed with wax—a method which secures a soft, rich texture and surface somewhat like textile fabrics.